

# THE POST.

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AT LEBANON, KY.,  
BY W. W. JACK.

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## Post's Corner.



For the Post.  
1854, & '55.

Fling to the winds your fears, and nought of  
murmuring mores,  
Ye drivelling prophets, who oft in herds do  
congregate  
And talk of time to come—of haggard war,  
Of harder times than e'er before, of poverty in  
a thousand forms;  
But most of all the want of bread,  
True, the heavens refused the accustomed  
showers  
To cool the parched earth; but zephyrs fanned  
the withered leaf,  
And dusty clouds the traveller disguised—  
The flowing brook and streams the sun drank up;  
And fountains, never dry before  
Deep in their silent chambers kept  
Their nectar hid.  
True, the tiller of the soil, with fainting hopes,  
The duty furrow turned,  
And ever and anon the blue concave scanned  
In search for darkening clouds—  
Sometimes the rumbling thunders brought  
Sweet hope to his desponding heart—  
The withered corn a welcome waved,  
The stunted leaf to cooling showers unknown,  
Now spreads them forth to sip the cooling  
draught—  
But, ah! with blighted hope he views the in-  
shaded clouds  
Big with portentous showers, sheer off to distant  
climes—  
Parched with that which to man and beast  
All else is naught.

Though parched by drouth, though sickness  
paled the cheek;  
Though friendship's ties are severed riven,  
Though commerce wanes, and sad reverses come,  
And want may try admittance to our homes,  
Yet thanks to God, the closing year  
Finds us alive and something left to live upon;  
And friends to cheer us on! Then fling to the  
winds your fears,  
Ye drivelling prophets. Kind heaven, oft  
in mercy sends  
Reverses and that we may better learn  
Humility, and bow in meek submission to Him,  
Who turns the seasons round and blesses with  
sunshine and shower.

With thoughts like those, the parting year  
We number with the post. Adieu to fifty-four.  
In time's great calendar another notch is made,  
And registered on high is every act of life that's  
past.  
Whether good or bad. If this be true  
Who then shall stand the solemn test?  
Shall stand in that great day, when earth's mil-  
lions meet.  
To hear their final doom?

Cheer up desponding ones  
Though Justice asks for blood, yet mercy pleads  
That we may still probation have,  
And seek a home in heaven.  
And now with thankful hearts for mercies past,  
We breast the storm of life—and once again  
begin.  
Begin another year. Hail thou youthful  
stranger,  
Who but one moment since belonged to the  
great family of the future;  
And who with relentless hand did push  
Thine aged ancestor from off the stage of action,  
And wrapping his gray mantle round his lifeless  
corse  
Him station gave among the things that were.

Not quite so fast, thou swift-footed one  
Whose steps in quick succession tread the way,  
I fain would bite thee company  
If but a little while to talk and learn  
Who thou art. We know thy origin  
But of thy mission, end, and future course,  
I would learn more.

"I'm a fragment of eternity, so called by some,  
Have close relationship with Old Time;  
In a short, I am his youngest son;  
Made up of days, and weeks, and months,  
Who are my children, obedient children they.  
Who have their morning, noon and night,  
And fill up the place designed in their creation.  
Obedient to that law which first was given  
When old Time himself his great career began.  
My mission, to the sons of men of vast import,  
Since I to them the chance afford  
Of happiness perpetual, when I and all my pro-  
geny  
In silence lay entombed.

"For this my being, end, and mission given;  
I must not halt, nor long converse  
With mortal man, my future course  
With what the past has been will well compare  
As far as appertaineth to thy race  
Men's notes and deeds on earth will ever be the  
same.  
Successive Empires rise and fall—  
Commotions their beginning have, their zenith  
and decline;  
Such things have been, will be, while man re-  
mains the same.  
I speed me on my journey now, good friend  
farewell.  
Time's speedy wing doth beckon me away,  
away!  
Good friend adieu."

Adieu! Adieu!  
Unequal speed, companionship forbids,  
Thy rapid strides our race outstrips;  
Nor can we stay thy flight.  
Fly on thou rapid courier;  
The goal awaits us all, and whether at morn or  
noon or night  
We haven make it, it is but small concern,  
So we are safely morned. F. G. P.  
Marion County, Ky., January 1st, 1855.

An Emerald having two legs of  
unequal dimensions, ordered a pair of  
boots to be manufactured accordingly.  
The boots were sent him; but upon trying  
them on he transposed them.  
The smaller boot didn't begin to look upon  
the largest leg, and the perspiration ac-  
companied the experiment. "Be the  
piper of Moses! sure I bargained to have  
one boot larger than the other, instead of  
which the spaldren has made one smaller  
than the other. Be jaspers, an' I'll not  
take 'em sure." The boots were sent  
back.

# THE LEBANON POST.

THE PRESS—THE SHIELD OF THE UNION—THE DEFENDER OF EQUAL RIGHTS.

VOL. 3,

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NO. 29.

## Communicated.

For the Post.

MR. EDITOR.—I have noticed in your  
late issues some very good sketches en-  
titled "Life Pictures." Their perusal  
calls to my mind scenes of days gone by;  
and one incident in particular looms up be-  
fore my gaze, which if it interests you af-  
ter reading, you may insert as—  
"A LIFE PICTURE."

She was a beautiful girl. When first I  
saw her, she stood beside her lover. A  
faint tinge of crimson crossed her lovely  
cheek, like the reflection of a golden cloud  
upon the glassy surface of a lake, as she  
gazed into his calm, firm eye, which beam-  
ed upon her with love. A shadow  
rested on his brow. Too well she  
knew the cause. Young and impulsive,  
he had departed from virtue's path, and  
for a time had drowned his senses in the  
poisoned bowl. But reason had resumed  
its sway; and as he thought of her who  
loved him, he breathed a vow on high, to  
never again touch the tempting draught.  
Cruel fate decreed that they should part.  
He stood with her hand clasped in his  
own, and gazed upon her calm, sweet  
face, while the warm eloquent blood shud-  
dered at intervals his manly forehead, and  
"melted into beauty on his lips."

They gave themselves to one another in  
the presence of Heaven. She raised her  
large eloquent eyes, beaming with love  
and tenderness, to his, and in a faltering  
voice breathed the words—"I am thine.  
You have erred, but you have suffered.  
Your punishment, found in the reproach-  
es of your own heart; far exceeds your  
offence. I know your spirit is chafed and  
wounded, but it shall be my care to soothe  
with the endearing words of love. Go  
forth into the world and be not cast down,  
for a brighter day will dawn upon you.  
Go, and be sure you carry with you the  
love of a heart, which can forgive, when  
others condemn."

"For what is love made, if 'tis not the same  
Through joy and sorrow, through glory and  
shame,"

And thus they parted. Time passed on  
and again I saw the lovers—both, oh,  
how different. The love that once beam-  
ed from their eyes, had given place to the  
cold glance of indifference. Their manner  
before so warm and social, was now con-  
strained and cold. It was evident a  
"change had come over the spirit of their  
dreams." How was it? He had em-  
barked again upon the world, with a  
strong heart and buoyant hopes. En-  
emies created by no act of his, had deg-  
raded his path, and with minds as insigni-  
ficant as their own little world, pursued  
him with a relentless hate. They blight-  
ed his prospects—crushed his hopes—and  
poisoned the ear of affection against him.  
Coward like, they made the fatal thrust  
in the dark. Like the midnight assassin  
raising the glittering knife above the form  
of sleeping innocence, and without a re-  
gret plunging the cold steel into the vic-  
tim's heart; so did they without a com-  
punction throb, blight the reputation of  
a fellow-being, and attempted to dishonor  
his name. They done it kindly too.  
They praised his virtues—Oh! how kind!  
But ah, it was the "kindness of the Ana-  
conda, covering his victim with saliva  
the more easily to swallow him." Purity  
truth, and confidence bound them to-  
gether before the serpent came. He  
could not bear to see them happy. He  
must destroy the Eden in which they  
dwelt. Under the garb of friendship he  
approached. He gained a hearing. He  
struck with his coward hand, in order to  
lay low in the dust of humiliation, the ab-  
sent one, with whose virtues his little-  
ness of soul could not compete. Watch  
him as he leaves her in whose innocent  
bosom he has dared to plant a thorn, and  
you find his countenance lit up with a  
demonic smile of exultation, which we  
conceive rests upon the features of lost  
spirits, when Satan adds a victim to their  
number. And why did he do this? Why  
attempt to crush one who never harmed  
him—one whose intentions were good  
though weakness may have governed  
him—whose motives were pure though er-  
rors sometimes ministered him—and whose  
wishes to do right were sincere? Because,  
true to his nature, unprincipled and vi-  
cious, he must have a target at which to  
level his poisoned shafts. A miserable  
nuisance in society, a plague spot upon  
God's beautiful earth, he must raise the  
hue and cry, and attempt to put down  
those, whose errors are virtues beside his  
purest thoughts.

Now that sorrow had come upon him,  
he turned to her around whose heart the  
life-strings of his own were entwined.  
There he believed he would find that  
sympathy so necessary to a sorrowing  
heart. Assured of her love, he could  
brave the attacks of all—could stand un-  
daunted and scorn to bow. But ah! he  
was too late. Already had the poisoned  
breath of envy whispered into her ear, and  
she had listened to it. When his appeal  
coming from a heart that never wronged  
her with a thought, went to her, it met  
with no response. Again, and again it  
was made, and met with cold indifference.  
Oh, indifference from those we love, is  
terrible to the sensitive bosom. It seems  
as if the bright and glowing sun had re-  
fused its usual light, and gazed upon us

with a cold forbidding glance. It is dread-  
ful to feel that the only beings of our love  
refuses to accord us their sympathy, when  
misfortune comes upon us. Thus it was.  
He possessed high and sensitive feelings, a  
warm and generous soul. He loved her;  
not with the passion of a day which like  
the dew that falls at night, to vanish when  
the morn approaches, but with a love that  
time with all its changes could never  
quench. She was the star that was to  
lure him on to fame. There was a void  
"in the lonely temple of his heart," until her  
sweet presence came and rested there.  
And she so loved and so worshipped, had  
listened to the voice of envy, and became  
coldly estranged from him. Thus it was,  
and thus he fell. A desolation pervaded  
his heart, his spirit chafed and wounded,  
was it any wonder in that hour when grief  
resembled madness most, his tortured  
brain should turn to some expedient to  
drown its power of thought. Ah! gentle  
girl, in that hour when you threw the er-  
ring one aside, you could have raised him  
to virtue again. Satan would have had  
one subject less—Heaven, an angel gain-  
ed.

They parted. She, to mix again with  
the world; to charge her eyes with love's  
electric fire, to be bestowed upon a more  
favored suitor who might bend at her  
feet—He, to crush back the tide of feel-  
ing which threatens to overflow his heart,  
and to bury his once fond hopes among  
the "rums of his love," and consecrate all  
to remembrance. CLAUDE.

## Select Tales.

### THE COUSINS.

#### A COUNTRY TALE.

Towards the middle of the principal  
street in my native town of Cranley,  
stands, or did stand, for I speak of  
things that happened many years back,  
a very long-fronted, very regular, very  
ugly brick house, whose large gravelled  
court, flanked on each side by offices  
reaching to the street, was divided from  
the pavement by iron gates and palisades,  
and a row of Lombardy poplars, rearing  
their slender columns so as to veil, with-  
out shading, a mansion which evidently  
considered itself, and was considered by  
its neighbors, as holding the first rank in  
the place. That mansion, indisputably  
the best in the town, belonged, of course,  
to the lawyer, and that lawyer was, as  
may not unfrequently be found in small  
places, one of the most eminent solicitors  
in the country.

Richard Molesworth, the individual in  
question, was a person obscurely born  
and slenderly educated, who, by dint of  
prudence, industry, integrity, tact and  
luck, had risen through the various grad-  
ations of writing clerk, managing clerk,  
and junior partner, to be himself the  
head of a great office, and a man of no  
small property or no slight importance.  
Half of Cranley belonged to him, for he  
had a passion for brick and mortar often  
observed among those who have accumu-  
lated large fortunes in totally different  
pursuits, and liked nothing better than  
running up rows or terraces, repairing  
villas and rebuilding farm houses. The  
better half of Cranley called him master;  
to say nothing of six or seven snug farms  
in the neighborhood of the goodly estate  
and manor of Hinton, famous for its pre-  
serves and fisheries, or of a command of  
floating capital which borrowers, who  
came to him with good securities in their  
hands, found almost inexhaustible. In  
short, he was one of those men with whom  
everything had prospered through life;  
and, in spite of a profession too often  
obnoxious to an unjust prejudice, there was  
a pretty universal, because sweeping,  
feeling amongst all who knew him that  
his prosperity was deserved. A kind  
temper, a moderate use of power and  
influence, a splendid hospitality, and that  
judicious liberality which shows itself in  
small things as well as in great ones, (for  
it is by two-penny savings that men get  
an ill name,) served to insure his popular-  
ity with high and low. Perhaps, even  
his tall, erect, portly figure, his good hu-  
mored countenance, cheerful voice, and  
frank address, contributed something to  
his reputation; his remarkable want of  
pretension or assumption of any sort, cer-  
tainly did, and as certainly the absence of  
everything striking, clever, or original in  
his conversation. That he must be a man  
of personal as well as of professional  
ability, no one tracing his progress through  
life could for a moment doubt; but, re-  
versing the witty epigram on our witlist  
moultain, he reserved his wisdom for his  
actions, and whilst all that he did showed  
his admirable sense and judgment, he  
never said a word that rose above the  
level of the merest common-place, rapid,  
inoffensive, dull and safe.

So accomplished, both in what he was  
and what he was not, our lawyer, at the  
time of which we write, had been for  
many years the oracle of the county gen-  
tlemen; held all the public offices not in-  
consistent with each other, which their  
patronage could bestow, and in the shape  
of stewardships, trusts and agencies,  
managed half the landed estates in the  
county. He was even admitted into  
visiting intercourse, on a footing of equality

very uncommon in the aristocratic circles  
of country society—a society which is,  
for the most part, quite as exclusive as  
that of London, though in a different way.  
For this he was well suited, not merely  
by his own unaffected manners, high an-  
imal spirits, and nicety of tact, but by the  
circumstances of his domestic arrange-  
ments. After having been twice mar-  
ried, Mr. Molesworth found himself, at  
nearly sixty, a second time a widower.

His first wife had been a homely, fru-  
gal, managing woman, whose few hun-  
dred pounds and her saving habits, bad,  
at that period of his life, for they were  
early united, conducted in their several  
ways to enrich and benefit her equally  
thrifty but far more aspiring husband.  
She never had a child; and, after doing  
him all possible good in her lifetime,  
was so kind as to die just as his interest,  
ambition required more liberal house keep-  
ing and higher connexion, each of which  
as he well knew, would repay its cost.  
For connexion accordingly he married,  
choosing the elegant though portentious  
sister of a poor baronet, by whom he had  
two daughters, at intervals of seven  
years; the eldest being just of sufficient  
age to succeed her mother as mistress of  
the family, when she had the irreparable  
misfortune to lose the earliest, the ten-  
derest, and the most inestimable friend  
that a young woman can have. Very  
precious was the memory of her dear  
mother to Agnes Molesworth! Although  
six years had passed between her death  
and the period at which our little story  
begins, the affectionate daughter had never  
ceased to lament her loss.

It was to his charming daughters that  
Mr. Molesworth's pleasant house owed its  
chief attraction. Conscious of his own  
deficient education, no pains or money  
had been spared in accomplishing them  
to the utmost height of fashion.

The least accomplished was, however,  
as not unfrequently happens, by far the  
most striking; and many a high-born and  
wealthy client, disposed to put himself  
thoroughly at ease at solicitor's table, and  
not at all shaken in his purpose by his  
purpose by the sight of the pretty Jessy,  
—a short, light, airy girl, with a bright  
sparkling countenance, all lilies and roses,  
and dimples and smiles, sitting, exquisitely  
dressed, in a elegant morning room, with  
her guitar in her lap, her harp at her side,  
and her drawing table before her,—has  
suddenly felt himself awed into his best  
and most respectful breeding, when intro-  
duced to her retiring but self-possessed  
elder sister, dressed with an almost matronly  
simplicity, and evidently full not of her  
own airs and graces, but of the modest  
and serious courtesy which becometh her  
station as the youthful mistress of the  
house.

Dignity, a mild and gentle, but still a  
most striking dignity, was the prime  
characteristic of Agnes Molesworth in  
look and in mind. Her beauty was the  
beauty of sculpture as contradistinguished  
from that of painting; depending mainly  
on form and expression, and little on color.  
There could hardly be a stronger contrast  
than existed between the marble purity of  
her finely grained complexion, the soft-  
ness of her deep grey eye, the calm com-  
posure of her exquisitely moulded features,  
and the rosy cheeks, the brilliant glances,  
and the playful animation of Jessy. In a  
word, Jessy was a pretty girl, and Agnes  
was a beautiful woman. Of these several  
facts both sisters were of course perfectly  
aware; Jessy because every body told her  
so, and she must have been deaf to have  
escaped the knowledge; Agnes, from some  
process equally certain, but less direct,  
for few would have ventured to take the  
liberty of addressing a personal compli-  
ment to one who was evidently too proud  
to find pleasure in anything so nearly  
resembling flattery as praise.

Few, excepting her looking glass and  
her father, had ever told Agnes that she  
was handsome, and yet she was as con-  
scious of her surpassing beauty as Jessy  
of her sparkling prettiness; and, perhaps,  
as a mere question of appearance and  
becomingness, there might have been as  
much coquetry in the severe simplicity of  
attire and of manner which distinguished  
one sister, as in the elaborate adornment  
and innocent showing off of the other.  
There was, however, between them ex-  
actly such a real and internal difference  
of taste and of character as the outward  
show served to indicate. Both were true,  
gentle, good, and kind; but the elder was  
as much loftier in mind as in stature, was  
full of high pursuit and noble purpose;  
had abandoned drawing from feeling dis-  
satisfied with her own performances, as  
compared with the works of real artists;  
reserved her musical talent entirely for  
her domestic circle, because she put too  
much of soul into that delicious art to  
make it a mere amusement; and was only  
saved from becoming a poetess by her  
almost exclusive devotion to the very  
great in poetry—to Wordsworth, to Mil-  
ton, and to Shakespeare. These tastes  
she very wisely kept to herself; but they  
gave a higher and firmer tone to her  
character and manners, and more than  
one peer, when seated at Mr. Molesworth's  
hospitable table, has thought within him-  
self how well his beautiful daughter  
would become a coronet.

Marriage, however, seemed little in her  
thoughts. Once or twice, indeed, her

kind father had pressed on her the bril-  
liant establishments that had offered—  
but her sweet questions—"Are you tired  
of me? Do you wish me away?" had  
always gone straight to his heart, and  
had put aside for the moment the ambi-  
tion of his nature, even for his favorite  
child.

Of Jessy, with all her joyful attraction,  
he had always been less proud, perhaps  
less fond. Besides, her destiny in his own  
mind he had long considered as decided.  
Charles Woodford, a poor relation, brought  
up by his kindness, and recently returned  
into his family from a great office in Lon-  
don, was the person on whom he had long  
ago fixed for the husband of his youngest  
daughter, and for the immediate partner  
and eventual successor to his great and  
flourishing business—a choice that seemed  
fully justified by the excellent conduct  
and remarkable talents of his orphan  
cousin, and by the apparently good un-  
derstanding and mutual affection that  
subsisted between the young people.

This arrangement was the more agree-  
able to him, as providing manfully for  
Jessy, it allowed him the privilege of  
making, as in lawyer phrase he used to  
boast, "an elder son" of Agnes, who  
would, by this marriage, become one of  
the richest heiresses of the county. He  
had even, in his own mind, elected her  
future spouse, in the person of a young  
baronet who had lately been much at the  
house, and in favor of whose expected  
addresses (for the proposal had not yet  
been made—the gentleman had gone no  
farther than attentions) he had determined  
to exert the paternal authority which bad  
so long lain dormant.

But in the affairs of love, as of all  
others, man is born to disappointments:  
"L'homme propose et Dieu dispose" is  
never truer than in the great matter of  
matrimony. So found poor Mr. Moles-  
worth, who—Jessy having arrived at the  
age of eighteen, and Charles at that of  
two and twenty—offered his pretty daugh-  
ter and the lucrative partnership to his  
penniless relation, was petrified with as-  
tonishment and indignation to find the  
connexion very respectfully, but very  
firmly declined. The young man was  
much distressed and agitated; "he had the  
highest respect for Miss Jessy; but he  
could not marry her—he loved another!"  
And then he poured forth a confidence as  
unexpected as it was undesired by his  
incensed patron, who left him in undi-  
minished wrath and increased perplexity.

This interview had taken place immedi-  
ately after breakfast; and when the cou-  
ference was ended, the provoked father  
sought his daughters, who, happily un-  
conscious of all that had occurred, were  
amusing themselves in their splendid  
conservatory—a scene always becoming  
as it is agreeable to youth and beauty.  
Jessy was flirting about like a butterfly  
amongst the fragrant orange trees and  
bright geraniums; Agnes standing under  
a superb fuchsia that hung over a large  
marble basin, her form and attitude, her  
white dress, and the classical arrangement  
of her dark hair giving her the look of  
some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Gre-  
cian art. Jessy was prattling gaily, as  
she wandered about, of a concert which  
they had attended the evening before at  
the county town.

"I hate concerts!" said the pretty little  
flirt. "To sit bolt upright on a hard  
bench for four hours, between the same  
four people, without the possibility of  
moving, or speaking to anybody, or of  
anybody's getting to us! Oh! bow tire-  
some it is!"

"I saw Sir Edmund trying to elide  
through the crowd to reach you," said  
Agnes, a little archly; "his presence would  
perhaps have mitigated the evil. But the  
barbaric was too complete, and he was  
forced to retreat without accomplishing  
his object."

"Yes, I assure you he thought it very  
tiresome; he told me so when we were  
coming out. And then the music!" pur-  
sued Jessy; "the noise that they call mu-  
sic! Sir Edmund says he likes no music  
except his guitar, or a flute on the water;  
and I like none except your playing on  
the organ, and singing Handel on a Sun-  
day evening, or Charles Woodford's read-  
ing Milton and bits of Hamlet."

"Do you call that music?" asked Agnes  
laughing. "And yet," continued she, "it  
is most truly so, with his rich, Pasta-like  
voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to  
you, who do not greatly love poetry for its  
own sake, it is doubtless a pleasure much  
resembling in kind that of hearing the  
most thrilling of melodies on the noblest  
of instruments. I myself have felt such  
a gratification in hearing that voice recite  
the verses of Homer or of Sophocles in  
the original Greek. Charles Woodford's  
reading is music."

"It is a music which you are neither of  
you likely to hear again," interrupted Mr.  
Molesworth, advancing suddenly towards  
them; "for he has been ungrateful, and I  
have discarded him."

## Forms of Advertising.

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" " " 12 months, - - - 26  
For whole column 6 months, - - - 26  
" " " 12 months, - - - 46  
A liberal deduction made for yearly adver-  
tisements. When the number of time for con-  
tinuing an advertisement is not specified, it will  
be continued until ordered out and charged ac-  
cordingly.

another lady! What have you to say for  
him now?"

"Why, really, papa," replied Jessy, "I  
am much more obliged to him for refusing  
my hand than to you for offering it. I  
like Charles very well for a cousin! but I  
should not like such a husband at all; so  
that if this refusal be the worst that has  
happened, there's no great harm done." And  
off the gipsy ran; declaring that  
"she must put on her habit, for she had  
promised to ride with Sir Edmund and  
his sister, and expected them every min-  
ute."

The father and his favorite daughter  
remained in the conservatory.  
"That heart is untouched, however,"  
said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her  
with a smile.

"Untouched by Charles Woodford; un-  
doubtedly," replied Agnes, "but has he  
really refused my sister?"

"Absolutely."  
"And does he love another?"  
"He says so, and I believe him."  
"Is he loved again?"  
"That he did not say."  
"Did he tell you the name of the lady?"  
"Yes."  
"Do you know her?"  
"Yes."  
"Is she worthy of him?"  
"Most worthy."

"Has he any hope of gaining her af-  
fections? Oh! he must! he must! What  
woman would refuse him?"

"He is determined not to try. The la-  
dy whom he loves is above him in every  
way; and much as he has counteracted  
my wishes, it is an honorable part of  
Charles Woodford's conduct, that he in-  
tends to leave his affection unsuspected  
by its object."

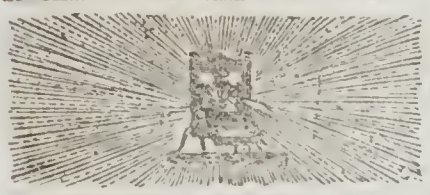
Here ensued a short pause in the dia-  
logue, during which Agnes appeared try-  
ing to occupy herself with collecting the  
blossoms of a Caye jessamine and water-  
ing a favorite geranium; but it would not  
do; the subject was at her heart, and she  
could not force her mind to indifferent  
occupations. She returned to her father,  
who had been anxiously watching her mo-  
tions & the varying expression of her coun-  
tenance, and resumed the conversation.

"Father! perhaps it is hardly maiden-  
ly to avow so much, but although you  
have in set words told me your intention  
I have yet seen and known, I can hardly  
tell how, all that your too kind partiality  
towards me has designed for your chil-  
dren. You have mistaken me, dearest  
father, doubly mistaken me, first, in think-  
ing me fit to fill a splendid place in so-  
ciety; next, in imagining that I desired  
such splendor. You meant to give Jessy  
and the lucrative partnership to Charles  
Woodford, and designed me and your  
large possessions to our wealthy and titled  
neighbor. And with some little change  
of persons these arrangements may still  
for the most part hold good. Sir Ed-  
mund may still be your son-in-law and  
your heir, for he loves Jessy, and Jessy  
loves him. Charles Woodford may still  
be your partner and adopted son, for  
nothing has changed that need diminish your  
affection or his merit. Marry him to the  
woman he loves. She must be ambitious  
indeed, if she he not content with such a  
destiny. And let me live on with you  
dear father, single and unwedded, with no  
thought but to contribute to your com-  
fort, to cheer and brighten your declin-  
ing years. Do not let your too great  
fondness for me stand in the way of their  
happiness! Make me not so odious to them  
and to myself, dear father! Let me live  
always with you, and for you—always your  
own poor Agnes!" And, blushing at the  
earnestness with which she had spoken,  
she bent her head over the marble basin,  
whose waters reflected the fair image, as  
if she had really been the Grecian statue  
to which, whilst he listened, her fond fa-  
ther's fancy had compared her. "Let  
me live single with you, and marry Char-  
les to the woman whom he loves."

"Have you heard the name of the lady  
in question? Have you formed any  
guess who she may be?"

"Not the slightest. I imagined from  
what you said that she was a stranger to me.  
Have I ever seen her?"  
"You may see her at least you may see  
her reflection in the water, at this very  
moment; for he has had the infinite pre-  
sumption, the admirable good taste, to  
fall in love with his cousin Agnes!"  
"Father!"  
"And now, mine own sweetest! do you  
still wish to live single with me?"  
"Oh, father! father!"  
"Or do you desire that I should marry  
Charles to the woman of his heart?"  
"Father! dear father!"  
"Choose, my Agnes. It shall be as  
you command. Do not cling so around  
me, but speak!"  
"Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all  
live together? I cannot leave you. But  
poor Charles—father, we may all live to-  
gether!"  
And so it was settled; and a very  
few months proved that love had con-  
trived better for Mr. Molesworth than he  
had done for himself. Jessy, with her  
prettiness and her title, and her foppiness,  
was the very thing to visit for a day;  
but Agnes, and the cousin whose noble  
character and splendid talents so well de-  
served her, made the pride and the hap-  
piness of his home.





LEBANON, KY.,

Wednesday Morning, Apr. 11, 1855.

We are authorized to announce S. G. DABNEY, as a candidate for the office of Magistrate for the Lebanon district; at the ensuing May election.

### Glorious News.

We have been kindly furnished by Mr. Ben. Spalding, the recipient, with a letter from Mr. George MacLeod, Chief Engineer of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, as also of its branch to Lebanon. In it he states that both branches of the Louisville city Council have passed an Ordinance, granting the credit of the city, to the amount of \$6,000 per mile to our Branch Road; \$90,000 to be drawn as soon as the road shall be graded as far as New Haven, the balance, when the grading is complete to Lebanon.—This Ordinance has to be ratified by the people of Louisville by vote,—which, we have no doubt will be done.

If this is not glorious news! we know not how to term it. It shows conclusively how fully alive the people of Louisville have become to the importance of this branch, and to what an extent they are willing to go for its furtherance.

This, we think, should be a strong incentive to the people of this county to push the matter on by every means in their power. Those especially who have subscribed private stock, cannot but see that it is not only their duty but their especial interest to meet the calls made upon them as promptly as possible. Nothing can now prevent the early completion of the road, save the determined opposition of those in our country who will be as much benefitted by it, as any of its advocates.

Our omission to set down the Lebanon (Ky.) Post upon our exchange list was an inadvertency. We have been under the impression that the Post was receiving the Journal. The unprovoked discourtesy, however, of the last number of that paper is a reason for our choosing to decline any intercourse with it. We are conscious of not deserving the epithets which it applies to us, and we have been an editor long enough to have learned that no intercourse at all is a great deal better than a disagreeable one. We have no quarrel with the Post, and we wish it all the success it may deserve.—*Lou. Journal.*

So, it was through "inadvertency" then, that we have been deprived of the Journal. We are glad to hear this as we laboured under the impression, that it was a premeditated plan on the part of its editor to withhold from us, the benefit of his revealed genius. He urges our want of courtesy as a sufficient reason for declining any intercourse with us. We are not aware of any discourtesy in our article to which he refers. In showing his inconsistency, we have employed only such language as his public course warrants us in using. If the shoe has pinched, the once bold champion of the Whig party, must blame himself for the reproach his own course causes to be heaped upon him. We have succeeded for some time in getting along without the invaluable and ever immaculate Louisville Journal; and we suppose, and are constrained to believe, we can weather along in the future even though it may not condescend to exchange with our humble and obscure self. He says, "we have no quarrel with the Post." Hear ye that! We feel at least an inch taller. The great Prince of Editors disclaiming to have any quarrel with us; which says, that if he had, he would "pitch in" swift. Well we suppose that we may consider this as honor enough for us. He wishes the Post, "all the success it may deserve." Whilst we thank you for your kind wishes, we cannot but think it to be your wish, or opinion, as the case may be, that such success may be very limited.

From a conversation we had with Hon. J. L. Bridges, we were led to infer that he would again be a candidate for the Judgeship in this District, and we hope soon to see his regular announcement.—The Judge confers honor, (instead of receiving it) upon the station which he has well filled for the last thirty years; and the people of this district cannot well better themselves. At all events we are in for our gallant veteran of the bar and bench, let who will be his opponent.

The Lebanon Post is respectfully informed that we have adjusted our "specs" and will do so no more.—*Lou. Times.*

Thou art freely forgiven men and

### Dreadful!

On Wednesday night last, in the town of Lynchburg, in this county, Richard Guthrie killed a young man by the name of Phillip Burns, and cut another young man, Elias Webb, severely but not dangerously in the head. Guthrie left Lebanon, late the same evening, for home. After he arrived, he went to Burns' house and found Burns in the stable attending to the horses; he holding the light whilst Webb carried them. Guthrie entered and fell upon Burns with a knife cutting him in many places, one of them severing the jugular vein. He then seized young Webb in the dark, the light being knocked out and inflicted a wound in the head; but Webb kicked himself loose before he received another wound. We know so little of the cause of this deed that we can say nothing on that head. Guthrie has left for parts unknown.

We are in reception of *The Western American*, a Know Nothing sheet just started in Bardstown, by CHARLES E. NOURSE. We like the mechanism but not the matter. The editor crows considerably over the election of 7 men, who he says are "all right on the goose," and winds up thus:

"Bardstown has many faults, but there is one sin that she will not commit, she will not permit her children to be brought up in ignorance."

Yes she has many faults and some pretty large ones too. There's a whalerin' big one in the shape of St. Joseph's College and the Catholic Church; one is a place where they hatch Jesuits by some patent heating process; and the other is a place where otherwise respectable citizens go to worship idols. Then there is the Sisters of Nazareth having the audacity to hold property on the consecrated ground of this cross-road village.—Then there are papist mechanics, merchants, professional men, &c., getting along in Bardstown, by honesty, industry and frugality. These are faults and should be purged out. But, "she will not permit her children to be brought up in ignorance," not she. Good Gracious! Upon the verge of what a ruin, the ATHENS OF THE WEST has been standing! But, thank Heaven! as Rome was saved by a little cackling, the utter demolition of our Western Athens may be saved by a like process.

The idea of children growing up in ignorance in Bardstown, where they have as many schools as John Rogers, who was burnt at the stake, had children, is all gammon, Charley, and won't bear a bead.

### Three Cheers!

Hon. J. L. Bridges on Thursday last, pronounced his decision in the Railroad Case. He declared the tax to be legal, dissolved the injunction, and laid the cost together with six percent damages on the plaintiffs. The clearness of mind evinced by the Hon. Judge, struck every one very forcibly. He grasped the entire subject, from its most prominent parts to its most minute minutia; and gave his decision clearly and distinctly. This decision has fastened to Judge Bridges, many warm friends; and as there was not one particle of favoritism or prior bias exhibited by him during the pending of the case, or in the decision, those gentleman against whom he felt it his duty to decide, cannot but admire him, as a gentleman and as an officer.

A great deal has been said and written about the ignorance of the Irish and Dutch. Some make a great deal of fun and create a great amount of amusement at their expense; whilst others have a night-mare and day-horse continually haunting them on account of said ignorance;—the country will most assuredly be ruined on account of it. Now, we would like to ask any of our know nothing or "Native American" friends to answer the following question, and we will give them the use of our columns to express themselves:

What proportion of the voters of Kentucky of the United States, (native born) are there, who can explain why they are Whigs or Democrats?

We perhaps have been to abrupt. We may entirely shatter the nerves of the political grannies who go round the country with their dolorous chants of "Woe! woe! woe!" and "Ruin! ruin! ruin!"

A party of youngsters visited our pleasant little town last week from a neighboring village. On their return home, the horse in the buggy became frightened and ran off. The young ladies, of course, became very much frightened. The animal kicked himself loose from the vehicle, and they were left pretty much "in the lurch." One of our citizens living near the scene of the mishap, kindly loaned them a buggy and horse, and they went on their way rejoicing that things were no worse, and that they had felt "among good Samaritans." No one was injured, save the awful fright the young ladies got. Our young friend Dr. D. P., deserves great praise for the way he managed the "ribbons" in this transaction, for the party were (joking aside) in imminent danger.

### Glorious News.

We clip the following from the Cincinnati Enquirer of the 3d:

THE RESULT—ITS CONSEQUENCES. Our city was disgraced last evening by one of the most dastardly and villainous acts ever perpetrated in any community. The particulars will be read with astonishment and mortification by every friend of law and order.

Has it come to this? Are we, in this enlightened age, and in this city of two hundred thousand people, to be left to the mercy of an infuriated mob, governed by the worst passions, and regardless both of life and property? Are our liberties to depend upon so frail and feeble a thread, to be snapped in twain at the instigation of some scoundrel, for whom the gallows may be waiting, and whose recklessness is aided and abetted by the deluded and maddened followers who press forward to participate in the unhallowed work?

Fine guardians of liberty! Nice protectors of the ballot-box, from which the people derive their sovereignty! Beautiful consistency in those who affect to think Americans alone can protect American rights! We can find no language capable of expressing our indignation. Words could but faintly translate the abhorrence we feel that the ark of our safety, the very covenant of our freedom, should be ruthlessly seized by sacrilegious hands, and destroyed before our very eyes.

We had anticipated something fearful, for we knew something of that domineering prescriptive spirit which blinded men whom we once regarded as good and respectable citizens, and made them an easy prey of designing demagogues, who to gain their ends, would set law and liberty at defiance.

In the Fourth Ward every indignity was heaped upon the unoffending individuals, who did not resist, and who received patiently the ill treatment experienced from the Know Nothing bullies. The same may be said of the foreign-born citizens of the Thirteenth Ward, who even endured blows without a murmur. They had been counseled forbearance, and they practiced the virtue of patience.

The election has resulted, as we anticipated, in a glorious Democratic victory. Know Nothingism fell before the sober second thought of the people, and in its last desperate throes of wild exasperation, it sealed its doom for all time to come. Who that regards his country or himself can remain enrolled in such a law and order party?

We appeal to the fathers of families, to those who look to the example of the meek and lowly Jesus, as the index of their path to future happiness, and believe that in his mercy they will find salvation, to pause ere they further countenance an organization that tolerates an intolerance worse than that of the Saracen or Papist, in the bloodiest wars of darkest hours, that mankind have known. There is nothing to reconcile it to their consciences.—the audacity is unparalleled—it is a spectacle from which humanity recoils in disgust.

Will the election be vitiated by this forcible seizure and destruction of the ballot box? If, omitting the Eleventh Ward, the Cayenne candidates have a majority, would they dare to claim their certificates, and would they find would they find officers who, under such circumstances, would be inclined to furnish them?

As the returns come slowly in, we are buoyed with the hope that the whole, or nearly all of the Democratic ticket is elected, even without the Eleventh Ward, which is estimated to have given a Democratic majority of at least nine hundred. The triumph would indeed be complete with such a consummation. We congratulate our friends upon the result; we congratulate the country. The knell of the *illuminati*—the secret organization—is rung.

### Another Outrage upon the Polls.

BURNING OF THE TICKETS, TALLY SHEETS AND POLL BOOKS OF THE TWELFTH WARD.—A fierce excitement raged through the city yesterday afternoon, in consequence of a rumor that the tickets, tally sheets, and poll books of the Twelfth Ward had been destroyed by a mob. By most persons it was discredited, and innumerable stories found currency.

We experienced much difficulty in arriving at the exact truth, but are assured that the following statement is correct.

The Know Nothings were first on the ground on Monday morning, and elected their judges and clerks, with one exception.

One is a German, the others, who were informed, acted with the Know Nothings, and, whether members of the order or not, were considered by outsiders to be identified with it.

The clerks were both "American Reform."

We were informed that the election passed off quietly, or as one of our informants expressed it, "There was only a Dutchman knocked down once in a while, and that didn't amount to much, you know, the general proceedings were peaceable." No demonstration of violence occurred during the night following the election, and the counting of ballots was proceeded in without molestation until about one o'clock yesterday, at which time all of the ballots cast (twelve hundred and sixty) were counted, except three.

At one o'clock a mob of near four hundred persons suddenly collected, appearing on the ground in squads of thirty, forty and fifty men, and a gang of perhaps thirty entered the engine house and snatching the tickets, poll books and tally sheets, thrust them into the stove, where they were consumed, then ran up the American flag over the tower of the engine

house, cheered repeatedly and retired. There was no fight, no struggle—the audacious act was performed in an instant, and there were few spectators besides those engaged in the work of destruction, and the clerks and judges.

As for the story of the illegal voting, which was the ostensible cause of the outrage—that was not believed by any person in the Twelfth Ward with whom we had the opportunity of conversing. And if it was true, the "American Reform" judges and clerks are responsible for it. From every circumstance one can learn of this affair, it appears to have been coolly calculated, and utterly unmitigated.

There never was a more wanton and horrible desecration than the hoisting of the star-spangled banner by the Twelfth Ward mob over the scene of their unparalleled outrage. In the very smokes of the ballots the flag of our country floated fair and beautiful—and the mockery was enough to sicken the very hearts of all good citizens.—*Cin. Com., 4th.*

THAT TERRIBLE CANNON.—We hear that the "Red Artillery," a famous American company in Cincinnati, now recruited to a company of 185 strong, intend to visit our city on the mammoth mail boat Jacob Strader. They are expected down to-morrow (Friday) night, and will bring with them, as a sort of trophy, the great cannon that was captured at the election riots the other day.—*Lou. Courier.*

Well, this is rather hold. This cannon was captured while it was peacefully firing, according to custom, in honor of Jefferson's birthday, having nothing to do with the election even, by a heroic mob. It was then loaded with bricksbats and fired in the street, reckless of life or limb, and dangerously wounded a peaceable citizen. It is a trophy of a scandalous outrage upon American rights and principles. Men not ashamed to bring to Louisville the mementos of their own disgrace! Men just out of a mob where the elective franchise was trampled under foot, boasting of their own shame! Louisville asked to take lessons from a Cincinnati mob in the art of ruling America! This is certainly the most impudent depravity we have ever seen.

If the editor had announced that the Germans were coming down from Cincinnati to assist in the elections here, or to bring down the cannon, it would have answered a better purpose; but to announce that Americans were coming out of the mob at Cincinnati, with their hands stained with blood, and with the smoke of burned ballot boxes scarcely cleared away, is extraordinary. We don't believe that such a shameless demonstration will be made—shall not believe it till we see it.—*Lou. Dem.*

BLOODY AFFRAY AT ELIZABETHTOWN.—We learn that on Saturday, Thomas B. Brown, Esq., clerk of the court at Elizabethtown, was shot and killed by Mr. W. S. English, merchant of that place. Some unpleasant words passed between the parties in the street, and Mr. Brown went into his office and Mr. English into his store. Both came out shortly afterwards, and Mr. English shot Mr. Brown with a gun, killing him we understand on the spot. We are not informed whether Mr. Brown displayed a weapon or whether he had one on his person.

We knew Mr. Brown quite well. He seemed to us an amiable and kind-hearted man, but he sometimes indulged a little too freely in the use of ardent spirits. We believe he had but recently recovered from a severe wound received by him in his last encounter with our friend, Dr. B. R. Young. We deeply sympathize with his family. He leaves a son who has talent enough to win a distinguished reputation.—*Lou. Journal.*

From the Cincinnati Enquirer of Saturday, April the 7th, we take the following: The election in Louisville takes place to-day. As our paper will get there before all the votes are taken, we commend the following paragraph from the know nothing organ, the *Cleveland Express*, to their attentive consideration:

"The colored population, generally, voted for the American ticket day before yesterday. In this, they showed good judgement, and they will have no occasion to regret their action. They rejoice with us in Sam's triumph over a weak corrupt Nebraska Administration. The colored people are natives, and much better citizens than the hordes of Catholic Irish who are yearly floating to our shores."

The Election. We are defeated in the city by about 800 to 1,000 majority. Lack of organization and industry on the part of the anti-know nothing party has brought about this result. We feel certain that had our party used but half the exertion that was put forth by the know nothings, we would have defeated them by a thousand majority, instead of being defeated a thousand by them. This is plainly manifested by the vote in the 2d, 3d, and 7th and 8th Wards. We ought to have carried all these Wards, and would have done so had our party been properly organized. We hope the Democracy may gain experience by this lesson.—*Lou. Times.*

At a regular meeting of Louisville Typographical Union, held on Saturday the 7th inst., Mr. E. Beardsly was elected a Delegate to represent said Union in the National Typographical Union, which is to be held at Memphis, on the 7th of May.—*Lou. Times.*

The Duc de Grammont, one of the oldest of the legitimists in France, is dead. He married the beautiful and only sister of the Comte d'Orsay.

A THING FOR THE KNOW NOthings TO CHUCKLE OVER.—In some of the recent elections, it is contended by the Know Nothing prints that Know Nothings have been nominated and run as anti-Know Nothings, and these precious organs chuckle over the deception and regard it as a splendid joke. It may be very funny according to Know Nothing ethics, but it is a trick which an honorable man would scorn to engage in. It is no better than stealing votes; and we are free to say that the Know Nothing who accepts an anti-Know Nothing nomination and runs as an anti-Know Nothing candidate, lacks the essential qualities of a gentleman, and should never be recognized as one by honorable men.—*Lou. Times.*

A correspondent of the New York Post discloses a fact not known to many of Mr. Webster's most intimate friends, that he was once challenged by John Randolph. Mr. Webster declined, but the correspondence which passed between the parties, Mr. Benton acting as the friend of Randolph, appears to have been highly creditable to the challenged party.

Cleland, a liquor seller in Pittsburgh, got a severe sentence on Saturday. He was convicted of selling to a confirmed inebriate woman, though he had been repeatedly notified not to do so, in pursuance of the law. He was fined \$50 and costs, and \$20 to the prosecutor, and imprisoned in the jail sixty days.

Two hundred and thirty-eight (238) illegal toddies were sold in New York on last Sunday. They cost the sellers \$10 a glass. Total \$2380. Rather stiff toddies.

DRAMATIC.—The Rev. Isaac Kelo the distinguished (?) author of that compound of bigotry, superstition, and Bunzlism—DANGER IN THE DARK,—has dramatized that offspring of his prolific brain, and is about to put it on the stage in Cincinnati. Yes! in a theatre! Just think of that ye politico-religious pulpit orators! ye Bunline religious newspapers! just reflect on that! When next you thunder from the pulpit add rant through your columns your pious anathemas against the Drama, will you except the Rev. Isaac, "or how?" We pause for a reply.—*Lou. Times.*

A murderous affray occurred at Baton Rouge on March 19, between two soldiers of the garrison, named Lyons and Wilson, in which the latter was stabbed twice in the breast, and almost immediately died.

### Married.

By Rev. A. A. Hogue, on the 3d inst., Mr. Robert B. Brown to Miss Susan A. Stayton, all of this county.

By Rev. D. S. Colgan, on Thursday, the 4th inst., Mr. Charles Moore, of Mercer county, to Miss Fannie Fleece, of this place.

LIST OF LETTERS, remaining in the Post Office at Lebanon, on the 1st of April, 1855, and which, if not taken out within three months, will be sent to the General Post Office as dead letters.

A. Adams Mrs. Emily, Anderson B. Anderson, Abell Francis, Abell Miss Mary, Abell Philip.

B. Brown Richard 2, Beaver Ellen P, Brown Miss Mary, Brown Henry, Brown, Miss Rachael, Brown Brown, Bolger John, Blanford S. S.

C. Cole Francis 2, Cole Coraelia 2, Conner James, Casky June 2, President Cumberland University, Coffee Susan, Catlin John, Cox R. H., Crook M. C. C. Clark D., Clk Marion Circuit Court.

D. Duncan Henry.

E. Elliott Jonathan, Elliott Allen, Elliott James, Edwards Warren 2.

F. Fleece Wm E, Fleming Wm B, Fowler Thos.

G. Greenwood Miss M E, Gray Archy, Gibbs Rosa Mrs, Graves C H.

H. Hutchins Miss Lizzy L, Haekins J B, Hughes Lewis, Harris Mildred, Hagan Jao S, Handley Alex, Haglewood J G.

J. Jarboe Miss Catharine.

K. Kelly Madam Enlanti, Knott Wm, Kirk Lida A Miss.

L. Lancaster W D, Laucaster Lizzio Miss, Lee Miss M C, Lanum Miss S M.

M. Milbourn Alanzo, Myera S P, Miller Jos, Mulloney Miss S E, McElroy F, Mattingley Miss D, Mattingley Gabriel, Mattingley Jao B, Mattingley Wm, Malone Quinton, Milton Mr, Musgrove Elizabeth, Milburn Mrs Clara, Mills Jno M, Miles John, Nyors Margaret, Miles Lucinda and Wm.

O. Olvy Basil, O'Neal Miss C.

P. Penick B (col'd man) Penick Adalao, do, Posthead Messrs & Co, Payne Rolia, Phillips Charles, Purdy Mrs Lucy, Purdy A L, Purdy Miss M J, Powick Miss A E, Pipes Saul H, Peterson, Martha.

R. Robertson Jas or Jno, Rige P J, Riley, Coruelius, Ray A N, Ray & Spears, Rogers Wm, Rogers G A, Ramsey Jas, Russell Jas, Ray Hugh.

S. Spalding Miss May, Spalding Wm, Spalding W J, Smith B F, Miss C, Smith Messrs R L & Co, Smock L W, Smock Robt, Swan Saml, Sweeney Miss Mary.

T. Thompson Mrs C, Taylor Heuly, Thibaudaud J B, Thomas J R.

V. Vancleave B, Violet J.

W. Williams Viney, Williams Saml, Wehby Elias, Wheat Miss Mary P, Watson David 2, Wilkerson Jos, Wise Caleb, Walker Sango, Walker Phil, Walker Beal, Warren W, Warren Jno, Williams J N, White T T, Watts S, Wathen Wm H.

H. L. MUDD, P. M.

### NOTICE.

ALL Those who have any claims against The estate of James C. McElroy, deceased, will present them by the 15th day of April next for payment, and all those indebted to the estate are requested to come forward and make payment, as we wish to wind up the estate.

JOHN & HARVEY McELROY, Executors of J. C. McElroy, dec.

### Special Notices.

SYPHILIS, SCROFULA AND DISEASED BLOOD.—For these terrible diseases, Carter's Spanish Mixture is the only specific.

The proprietors have in their possession over one hundred certificates of the most extraordinary cures effected by it.

We refer to the certificate of Richard Adams, late High Sheriff of Richmond, Vir., Edwin Burton, Commissioner of the Revenue for Richmond; Gen. Welch, of the Mammoth Circus; Dr. Handley, of Washington City; Mr. Wm. Matthews, and C. B. Luck, Esq., of Richmond, Va.; Mr. F. Boydon, Exchange Hotel, Va.; and a host of others, who have seen cases of the worst description cured by Carter's Spanish Mixture. They all certify that it is the greatest purifier. See advertisement.

Holland's German Bitters, prepared and sold by Dr. Jackson, at the German Medical Store, 120 Arch street, Philadelphia, daily increase in their well deserved celebrity, for the cure of all diseases arising from derangement of the liver. These Bitters have indeed, proved a blessing to the afflicted, who show their gratitude by the most flattering testimonials. This medicine has established for itself a name that competitors' however wily their schemes, or seductive their promises, cannot reach. It gained the public confidence by the immense benefits that have been derived from it, and will ever maintain its position. See advertisement.

### Dr. Geohegan's Hydropiper.

Is prepared by a regular Physician, and is of purely Vegetable ingredients, the names of which accompany each bottle. It is pleasant, safe and certain cure for diseases of women. For Kidney Affects, Impurities of the Blood, diseases of the Skin, Dyspepsia and Scrofula it has never had an equal. It is a slight stimulant, and a powerful tonic and alterative. See advertisement.

### New Advertisements.

#### BOWLES HOUSE,

THOMAS WELLINGTON,

PROPRIETOR.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

March 7th, 41.

### Carter's Spanish Mixture.

THE GREAT PURIFIER

OF THE BLOOD!

Not a particle of Mercury in it.

LET THE AFFLICTED READ

AND PONDER!

An infallible remedy for Scrofula, King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obsolete Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Postules on the Face, Blisters, Boils, Ague and Fever, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Throat and Joints, Stomachic Ulcers, Sympathetic Disorders, Lumbago, Spinal Complaints, and all diseases arising from and in various uses of Mercury, Imprudence in life, or impurity of the Blood.

THIS great alterative medicine and Purifier of Blood is now used by thousands of grateful patients from all parts of the United States, who testify daily to the remarkable cures performed by the greatest of all medicines, CARTER'S SPANISH MIXTURE. Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Eruptions of the Skin, Liver diseases, Fevers, Ulcers, old Sores, Affections of the Kidneys, diseases of the Throat, Female Complaints, Pains and Aching of the Bones and Joints, are speedily put to flight by using this great and inestimable remedy.

For all diseases of the Blood, nothing has yet been found to compare with it. It cleanses the system of all impurities, acts gently and efficiently on the Liver and Kidneys, strengthens the digestion, gives tone to the stomach, makes the skin clear and healthy, and restores the constitution, enervated by disease or broken down by the excesses of youth, to its pristine vigor and strength.

For the Ladies, it is incomparably better than all the cosmetics ever used. A few doses of Carter's Spanish Mixture

Will remove all sallowness of complexion, bring the roses mauling to the cheek, give elasticity to the step, and improve general health in a remarkable degree, beyond all the medicines ever heard of.

The large number of certificates which we have received from persons from all parts of the United States, is the best evidence that there is no humbug about it. The press, hotel keepers, magistrates, physicians and public men, well known to the community, all add their testimony to the wonderful effects of this GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Call on the agent and get a Circular and Almanac, and read the wonderful cures this truly greatest of all Medicines has performed.

None genuine unless signed BENNETT & BEERS, Proprietors, No 3 Pearl Street, Richmond, Va.; to whom all orders for supplies and agencies must be addressed.

And for sale by L. H. NOBLE, Lebanon; JOHN STARK & SON, Springfield; and by dealers in Medicine generally.

### ESTRAY NOTICE.

TAKEN UP as an estray, by Thomas H. Heanilton, living four miles north west of Lebanon, Marion county Ky. ONE RED STEER, 2 or 3 years old, with a smooth crop of the right ear, and half crop and under-bit off, valued at \$10 00.

Given under my hand this Feb. 1st 1855. feb. 7th B. EDMONDS, J. P. M. C.

### Dissolution of Partnership

THE partnership hitherto existing between Warren & McDonough is mutually dissolved, as all persons indebted to said firm are respectfully called on to settle immediately. jan 24 1855 WARREN & McDONOUGH.

### TAILORING!

P. McDONOUGH, respectfully informs his patrons and the public generally that he is going to carry on the

#### Tailoring Business

In the room over Mr. Bricken's Grocery Store. He solicits their patronage and promises to give general satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. Grateful for the past he hopes for a continuance of the same in future. an 21 1855 P. McDONOUGH.

### TAILORING!

W. WARREN, respectfully informs the public that he still will be found at the old stand, and solicits a continuance of their former patronage.

Having gained a perfect and accurate knowledge of cutting, I feel safe in warranting to the public all work done in my establishment, of every description. jan 24 1855 W. WARREN.

### BURR HARRISON, BEN. SELBY.

#### HARRISON & SELBY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WILL attend to any business entrusted to them in the Marion County and the Courts of the adjacent counties. Particular attention will be given to collections. Lebanon, Ky. Nov. 29







## Scissoring.

A coroner's jury, some time ago returned the following sensible verdict: "Died by the visitation of God—through the use of ardent spirits." That was a bright jury.

An editor describes his heart "like a swollen milk-pail of human kindness, overrun with universal sympathy." We don't believe it. Must be dreaming.—We should like to see his subscription list.

"I've seen better days," as the chap said when he was kicked out of doors one rainy day.

Prof. Mapes thinks that dogs can reason. Doubtful. If they could, they would not make such asses of themselves as to go a mile in 2.30 just because a tin kettle is fastened to their tail.

A writer has compared worldly friendships to our shadows. A better comparison never was made, for while we walk along in the sunshine, it sticks to us, but the moment we enter the shade it deserts us.

We can't stand a lady dabbling in a little hand about our face, while the mother stands by, remarking that the little dear is beginning to take notice.

There are many women who walk the streets of our large cities with fiery upon their persons which cost more than their husbands are worth. This we should denounce as "Woman's Wrongs."

A gentleman at a late fashionable assembly being asked which of the ladies he thought the most beautiful, replied: "Why, madam they are all beautiful; but that lady, I think"—pointing to Miss Bounce, who was dressed in the extreme of fashion—"outstrips them all."

"Bob lower yourself into the well, and holler for help."

"What for?"

"To frighten daddy and have some fun."

Bob did as was desired, but got more fun than he had bargained for. It was administered with a hickory sapling. Distance 3 1/2 feet.

A BROAD HINT.—A popular clergyman, who was sadly annoyed yesterday by incessant coughing among his congregation, paused in his discourse and remarked, that "if ladies would wear their bonnets on their heads and tie the strings, coughs would not be so prevalent." He certainly don't mean to be "coughed down."—New York Commercial.

Iowa.—A bill appropriating fifty dollars to each free negro now in the State, who may emigrate to Liberia, has passed both Houses of the Legislature. This is a new movement, and may be adopted in other States.

HAUNTED HOUSE IN WORCESTER.—A house in Worcester, Massachusetts, that has long suffered the reputation of being haunted, was surrounded by the police on Monday evening, and nine spirits, with bodies to match, were taken out and marched to the station house. In the morning they were fined three dollars each, for breach of peace.

It is now said that the new Bounty Land Bill will not consume more than twenty-four millions of acres of the public lands. The first rough estimate was two hundred millions of acres.

For unadulterated economy, commend us to the German. Give him a salary of forty cents a day, and in ten years he will own a brick block, a fat horse, nine children, and a vrow broader than she is long, and as good natured as a blind kitten.

"Peter, what are you doing to that boy?" said a schoolmaster. "He wanted to know if you take ten from seventeen, how many will remain; so I took ten of his apples to show him, and now he wants I should give 'em back." "Well, why don't you do it?" "Cos, sir, he would forget how many is left."

From the Louisville Times.

LEBANON MARRIAGE CO., March 29.

MASSRS EDITORS: The know nothings at Hayville in this county are in a deplorable condition. Their yankee leader calling himself G. O. Lyons, a pretended Democrat—a dentist—dropped down in this village a few months since, and commenced the organization of know nothing lodges, aided by a few of the whigs of that region who were up to snuff. He succeeded in establishing one lodge. But the ways of the wicked are truly hard; he purchased, it is said, of one of his brethren, a fine saddle horse a short time after his arrival, promising to pay the price of \$140 for said horse, but failing to comply, and suspected for making preparations to leave the county, his kind good brother in the cause took the horse by the forelock by way of attachment, and saved himself. Lyons was the Treasurer of the lodges, and next stage, decamped in the direction of Harrodsburg, to parts unknown, with all the surplus treasure, robbing the poor geese of their golden eggs.

Our Circuit Court is now in session. At the bar are to be found the Hon. C. A. Wickliffe, ex-Congressman, ex-Governor, ex-Postmaster General, Hon John B. Thompson, Senator in Congress, and the Hon. C. S. Hill Congressman of this district. It is said that Mr. Wickliffe will give the goose question a rap before he leaves. I know that it is the desire of the people to hear him, and understand that they have already, or will require him to speak upon the subject before he leaves.

Yours, FOX.

## THE WEEKLY HERALD.

The last Newspaper in the World.

The New York Weekly Herald is published every Saturday morning. Its contents embrace all the news of the great events of the day, reports of meetings, of the State Legislature, and of Congress; important public documents; European and home correspondence; financial and commercial information; and editorials of general interest that have appeared in the New York Daily Herald.

It is neatly printed in clear type, on a large double quarto sheet of forty-eight columns—a book—a directory in itself—and forms one of the best and most valuable weekly papers in the world. The greatest care is taken to obtain the latest and most reliable intelligence of important movements in all parts of the world. No expense is spared for this purpose.

The subscription price is three dollars per annum, payable in advance, or sixpence per copy. Editors of newspapers throughout the country are particularly requested to act as agents. They will receive twenty-five per cent. commission on all cash subscriptions. Any person obtaining five or more subscribers will be allowed the same commission.

### TERMS TO CLUBS.

One copy Weekly Herald; 1 year,	\$3 00
Five copies, " " " "	11 25
Ten " " " "	22 50
Fifteen " " " "	33 75
Twenty " " " "	45 00
Twenty-five " " " "	56 25
Thirty " " " "	67 50
Thirty-five " " " "	78 75
Forty " " " "	90 00
Forty-five " " " "	101 25
Fifty " " " "	112 50

Editors of newspapers throughout the Union by publishing the above a few times in their papers will receive the Weekly Herald in exchange for their own. All letters to be addressed to James Gordon Bennett, proprietor and editor of the New York Herald, New York city.

Remittances must be made in funds current in this city.

J. W. CHANDLER, R. S. PETERS, A. J. JENKINS

## NEW ASSORTMENT OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS!!!

THE Subscribers have received and opened their SPRING and SUMMER Stock of Staple and FANCY DRY GOODS, consisting in Ladies' Dress Goods, of all description, suitable for the Spring and Summer seasons.—Gentlemen's wear of the latest and most fashionable patterns; Domestic, Hardware and Cutlery, Queen's Ware, and a superior assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots and Shoes.

Ladies' Bonnets of the latest and most improved style.

Also—a general assortment of Groceries, all of which we will sell low for cash, or to punctual dealers on the usual time.

We have a large, new, and well selected stock of Books and plain and fancy Stationery.

N. B. Country Produce of all kinds received in exchange for goods.

Apr. 12 1854. J. W. CHANDLER & CO.

## LEBANON HOTEL.

J. H. KIRK, PROPRIETOR.

WOULD Respectfully announce to the Traveling Public, that he has just finished in a fine manner his Tavern Stand in Lebanon, where he will at all times be happy to entertain his friends and the public generally, and will spare no pains to make them comfortable when they put up with him. His table is always supplied with the best the market can afford. His bar contains the best of Liquors, Cigars, &c., and his stable with the best provider, and attentive grooms.

Buggies and horses always on hand to hire by the day or week. Horses kept by the day, week, or month, at very reasonable rates.

Five Horses for sale at all times.

May 5, 54 J. H. KIRK.

## LIST OF PRICES

—AT THE—

## LEBANON HOTEL.

Boarding and lodging per day,	\$1 50
do do per week,	7 00
do do per month,	20 00
do do per year,	180 00
Boarding without lodging per day,	1 00
do do per week,	5 00
do do per month,	15 00
do do per year,	130 00
All meals sent to room 25 cents extra charge.	
Single meal,	50
Supper, breakfast and lodging,	1 00
Dinner and horse feed,	50
Single feed per horse,	40
Keeping horse per day,	75
do do per week,	3 00
do do per month,	12 00
do do per year,	125 00
All transient boarders will be required to settle at the end of each week.	
All others at the expiration of one month.	
J. H. KIRK, Proprietor.	
Lebanon Hotel, August 23d, 1854	

## RUN AWAY.

COMMITTED TO JAIL on Dec. 27th 1854, A NEGRO BOY supposed to be 20 years of age, complexion yellow, 5 feet 6 inches high, weight 165 or thereabouts, no scars perceptible, Dress, short sack coat, of blue plaid, grey pants of woolen goods; wool hat, and shoes. Said Boy calls himself JAKE HERSE.

JNO. MOORE, Jailor of Groen Co.

Jan. 10 6w

## GLASGOW

## Female Seminary.

THE Spring Session will commence on the 3d Monday in January, under the superintendence and instruction of P. B. Hawking, Principal; Mrs. Jas. G. Hardy, Mrs. P. B. Hawking, Miss M. E. Ellingwood and Joseph Garter, teacher of Music. All the English branches, besides French, Latin and Greek will be taught, and prices range from 8 to 15 dollars, and music on the Piano 20 dollars per session, and 3 dollars for the use of instrument to practice on. Four new rooms have been added to the Institution and now finished, two for recitation, and two music-rooms; besides a lot for play-ground.

## TAKEN UP as stray, TWO HOGS.

One Blue Barrow, marked with two smooth creases, slit in the left ear; and one spade sow; black head and black mark and marked as above, both have long tails. By T. J. Sweete, living in Marion county; on the waters of Salt Lick Creek, 4 miles below Raywick. Said hogs were appraised at \$8 by Hatcher Harris.

Given under my hand, this 27th of November, 1854.

J. T. DOWNES, J. P. M.

## St. Joseph's College.

HARDSTOWN, KY.

THIS Institution is situated in Bards town. The site is beautiful and healthy; the buildings are stately and very extensive. The playing grounds are spacious and handsomely set with trees. The professors are from twelve to fifteen in number, and exclusively devoted to the instruction of those entrusted to their care. Board, washing and tuition in all or any of the branches taught, per session of 10-12 months, \$130.00 Extra charges, at the option of the parents, are

1. For the use of Instruments in Natural Philosophy or Chemistry, \$10.00
2. For the class of Mineralogy and Geology, 5.00
3. For Music or Dancing, per quarter, each, 10.00
4. For Painting or Drawing, per quarter, each, 5.00
5. For Board in the College during the vacation, per week, 2.00
6. For use of bed and bedding, per session, 8.00

For further particulars apply, by letter to the President.

N. B. The Collegiate exercises were resumed on the 2d of September.

## PROSPECTUS

## OF

## ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

NEAR LEBANON, MARION CO., KY.

This Literary Institution, founded in 1851, by the late Rev. WILLIAM BYRNE, and subsequently conducted for many years by the Jesuits, is now under the superintendence of the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville, who will always take means to provide a suitable Faculty for carrying it on with a view to promote the greatest public good. Under the auspices of its previous conductors, the Institution has been instrumental in widely diffusing the blessings of a religious education throughout Kentucky and the adjoining States.—The steadiness of its patronage has been a constant evidence of the public approval. The beauty and salubrity of the situation, as well as the spaciousness and commodiousness of the College Buildings, are generally known. It will be the constant aim of the Faculty to adopt, so far as practicable, the plan which it was so well and so usefully conducted by its enlightened and benevolent Founder.

## TERMS PER SESSION.

[INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.]

Board, including Washing, Mending, Shirts and Socks after washing, Fuel and Lights, together with Tuition in Orthography, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Geography—Arithmetic, \$32 00  
Board, &c., (as above,) with use of the Board, Globes, Algebra, Geometry, Surveying, Book-Keeping, History, Rhetoric and Botany, or either of these branches, 47 00  
Board, &c., (as above,) with Tuition in the Classics, Higher Mathematics and Philosophy, or either of them, 50 00  
Tuition in French, (Extra,) 5 00  
Bed and Bedding, when furnished, 3 00  
Stationary, (Pens, Ink and Paper,) when furnished, 2 50  
Physician's Fee and Medicines, per Session, 1 50  
Books, and other necessary articles not furnished by the Agent of the College, at current retail prices; 10 00  
For those who remain at the College during the vacations, there will be an additional charge for Board of Music, per session, 10 00

## Scott's Weekly Paper.

The Publishers of this large and popular Family Journal offers for the coming year, (1854) a combination of Literary attractions heretofore unattempted by any of the Philadelphia Weeklies. Among the new features will be a new and brilliant series of Original Romances by George Lippard, entitled "Legends of the Last Century." All who have read Mr. Lippard's celebrated Legends of the American Revolution published for fifty-six consecutive weeks in the Saturday Courier, will find these pictures of French and American History endowed with all the power and brilliancy of his previous productions. The first of a series of Original Novellettes, called "Morris Hartley," or the Knights of the Mystic Valley, by Horrius W. Ainsworth, is about to be commenced. It will be handsomely illustrated with 12 fine engravings, and its startling incidents cannot fail to elicit undivided praise. Emerson Bennet, the distinguished Novelist, the favorite of the West, and the author of some of the finest productions ever read, is also engaged to furnish a brilliant Novellette to follow the above. Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison, author of Home Pictures, Patience Worthington and her Grandmother, &c., will contribute a splendid Domestic Novellette, entitled the "Old Ivy Grove," and H. C. Watson an illustrated Story called the "Two Edged Knife"—a graphic picture of Early Life in Old Kentucky. To these will be added Original Contributions and selections from Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Clara Clairville, Lillie Liborne, Grace Greenwood, and other distinguished writers; the news of the day, graphic editorials, full reports of the provision, money, and stock markets, letters from travelers at home and abroad, &c., &c.

TERMS.—One copy, one year, \$2; two copies, one year, \$3. Four copies one year, \$5; nine copies, one year, and one to the getter-up of the club, \$10; twenty copies, one year, and one to the getter up of the club, \$20. Address, A. SCOTT, Publisher, No. 111, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

## PLEASE Call and pay Postage, as I will have to pay for your reading if you don't—and guess that'll go down kinder hard.

H. L. MUDD, P. M.

## A FINE LOT OF VISITING and BUSINESS CARDS, on hand and for sale at the Printing Office

May 5, 54

## SPRING AND SUMMER

STYLE OF

## HATS AND CAPS!!!

Facilities for the purchasing of fashionable hats, and the manufacturing to order of SUPERIOR HATS, are not excelled in the Western Country.

I have on hand, and am constantly manufacturing to order

## Black and White Beaver,

Nutria, Brush, Russia and Otter Hats, &c. Also the Spring style of Hats from the most celebrated houses in the city of New York. Together with a large assortment of

Brown California, black and white Buena Vista and Wool Hats.

Mens' and Youths' Panama Hats.

" " Double and single brim

" " Leghorn.

" " Pedal Straw Hats.

" " Palm Leaf do

Infants' fancy Summer do

Ladies' Riding Hats, of the latest New York and Parisian Styles.

Kosuth Hats, &c., &c.

The above goods will be found equal in quality, and fully as LOW in PRICE as the same article can be bought for in Louisville or any other city market.

The Patrons of the house, and the public at large, are particularly invited to call and examine the assortment.

Hats of any particular shape made to order at short notice.

LEONARD EDELEN.

Lebanon, May 5.

## THE BRITISH PERIODICALS.

AND THE

## FARMER'S GUIDE.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,

No. 54 Gold street, New York,

CONTINUE to publish the four leading British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine; in addition to which they have recently commenced the publication of a valuable Agricultural work, called the

"FARMER'S GUIDE TO SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE."

By HENRY STEPHENS, F. R. S., of Edinburgh, author of the "Book of the Farm," &c., &c.; assisted by J. P. NORTON, M. A., New Haven, Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, &c., &c.

This highly valuable work will comprise two large royal octavo volumes, containing over 1400 pages, with 18 or 20 splendid steel engravings, and more than 600 engravings on wood, in the highest style of the art, illustrating almost every implement of husbandry now in use by the best farmers, the best methods of plowing, planting, haying, harvesting, &c., &c., the various domestic animals in their highest perfection; in short the pictorial feature of the book is unique, and will render it of incalculable value to the student of Agriculture.

This work is being published in Semi-monthly Numbers, of 64 pages each, exclusive of the Steel engravings, and is sold at 25 cents each, or \$5 for the entire work in numbers, of which there will be at least twenty-two.

The British Periodicals Re-published are as follows, viz:

The London Quarterly Review (Conservative).

The Edinburgh Review (Whig).

The North British Review (Free Church).

The Westminster Review (Liberal), and Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory).

Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their literary character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. Blackwood, still under the masterly guidance of Christopher North, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary notables, written for that magazine, and first appearing in its columns both in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as "The Caxtons" and "My Novel," (both by Bulwer), "My Peninsular Medal," "The Green Hand," and other serials, of which numerous rival editions are issued by the leading publishers in this country, have to be reprinted by those publishers from the pages of Blackwood, AFTER IT HAS BEEN ISSUED BY MESSRS. SCOTT & CO., so that subscribers to the reprint of that Magazine may always rely on having the EARLIEST reading of these fascinating tales.

## TERMS.

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For any one of the four Reviews \$3 00

or any two do 5 00

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For all four of the Reviews 8 00

For Blackwood's Magazine 3 00

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For Farmer's Guide (complete in 22 Nos.) \$5 00

(Payment to be made in all cases in advance.)

## CLUBBING.

A discount of twenty-five per cent. from the above prices will be allowed to Clubs ordering four or more copies of any one or more of the above works. Thus: 4 copies of Blackwood or of one Review will be sent to one address for \$9; 4 copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$30; and so on.

Orders from Clubs must be sent direct to the publishers, as no discount from these prices can be allowed to Agents.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,

79 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

Entrance 54 Gold street.

Money, current in the States where issued, will be received at par.

Remittances and communications should be always addressed post-paid or franked, to the Publishers.

## RAGS! RAGS! RAGS!!!

5,000 POUNDS of Rags wanted immediately at this Office, for which a liberal price in cash will be paid.

Lebanon, Ky., May 5, 1852

## ENVELOPES of every quality and price on hand and for sale, at the Printing office

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1851, by J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

## Another Scientific Wonder.

GREAT CURE FOR

## DYSPEPSIA!

DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S

## PEPSIN,

7 E TRUE

DIGESTIVE FLUID,

OR

## GASTRIC JUICE!

Prepared from Rennet, or the Fourth Stomach of the Ox, after directions of Baron Liebig, the great Physiological Chemist, by J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

"I DIGEST." Such is the true meaning of the word PEPsin. It is the chief element, or great Digesting Principle of the Gastric Juice—the Solvent of the Food, the Purifying, Preserving and Stimulating Agent of the Stomach and Intestines. It is extracted from the Digestive Stomach of the Ox, thus forming a true Digestive Fluid, precise like the natural Gastric Juice in its Chemical powers, and furnishing a complete and perfect substitute for it.

This is Nature's own Remedy for an unhealthy Stomach. No art of man can equal its curative powers. It contains no Alcohol, Bitters, Acids, or Narcotic Drugs. It is extremely agreeable to the taste, and may be taken by the most feeble patients who cannot eat a water cracker without acute distress. Beware of Drugged Imitations. Pepsin is not a Drug.

Half a teaspoonful of Pepsin infused in water, will digest or dissolve five pounds of Roast Beef in about two hours, out of the stomach.

## Scientific Evidence.

REPLY to the Scientific Evidence upon which this Remedy is based is in the highest degree curious and remarkable.

Call on the Agent and get a Descriptive Circular, gratis, giving a large amount of scientific evidence, from Liebig's Animal Chemistry; Dr. Combe's Physiology of Digestion; Dr. Percin on Food and Diet; Dr. John W. Draper of New York University; Prof. Dunglison's Physiology; Prof. Silliman, of Yale College; Dr. Carpenter's Physiology; &c., &c., together with reports of cures from all parts of the United States.

## Pepsin in Fluid and Powder.

DR. HOUGHTON'S PEPsin is prepared in powder and in Fluid Form—and in prescription trials for the use of Physicians. The powder will be sent by mail free of Postage, for one dollar sent to Dr. Houghton, Philadelphia.

OBSEVE THIS!—Every bottle of the genuine Pepsin bears the written signature of J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., sole proprietor, Philadelphia Pa. Copy-right and Trade mark secured.

Sold by all Druggists and dealers in Medicine. Price ONE DOLLAR per bottle.

## AGENTS.

L. H. NOBLE, Lebanon.

J. L. SMEDLEY, Harrodsburg.

D. D. WOODS, Bardstown.